

Olive Trees

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APRIL, 1916

No. 4

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY JOURNAL
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of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of
North America in the interest of Mission Work

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OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Missionary Journal

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF
THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH
AMERICA IN THE INTEREST OF ALL MISSION WORK
AT 4031 LOCUST STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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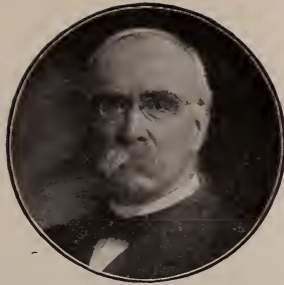
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OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Journal devoted to Missionary Work in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

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EDITORIALS

We are apt to feel discouraged at the fact that God is not working through our Church as we would like to see. Well, the fault is not with God. Read with joy and thanksgiving Mrs. Dickson's letter of the wonderful work in China, the report of the Home Mission work of the Winchester Congregation, the experiences of one of our pastors in doing personal work, all in this number of OLIVE TREES, and let us resolve that Jesus will have His perfect work in us. There are other congregations and other pastors who are having such experiences of Grace. Send us short accounts of His work in and through you for the encouragement of our whole church and the glory of His Name.

We are glad to be able to give the names of the workers in our Home Mission Fields. We hope to have some news items from the different fields each month. May the fact that the workers' names appear before you

mean that they will be more on your hearts and in your prayers.

We cannot say that it is with sorrow that we report the going home of Miss Mattie Wylie. She has fought a good fight and the crown of glory was awaiting her. We are thankful to God for her life, inspiration and service. We feel thankful that He has removed her from further suffering and trial, and pray that her going home may call forth from the young people of our church a consecration to His service wherever He calls.

We hope to give our readers short accounts of her life and work from the pens of those fit to write, in the May number. However, no mourning for Miss Wylie.

Have you sent
Your Offering
for the suffering people
in Turkey
to Mr. Steele?
Address on back cover.

We wish to call special attention to the three articles from the Winchester congregation: "Tither's Association," in the February number of OLIVE TREES, "Foreign Mission Work" in the March number, and "Home Mission Work" in this number.

We requested these articles because they are a fine example of a truth that we have long held. Namely, that when an individual or congregation acknowledges God as the Owner of all by faithfully paying one-tenth that they will soon go beyond that and give to God's great work of evangelizing the world as partners with Him, and that when once thoroughly interested in Foreign Mission work those around our doors will be brought to Christ.

Winchester's experience as set forth by these articles is that they became tithers, then they supported a foreign missionary over and above their tithe and then they let God use them to bring the gospel to the heathen at home.

We will be glad to hear from other congregations and individuals having similar experiences.—Malachi 3: 10.

We would call to mind the fact that April closes the Synodical year. Will each member not ask himself and herself in the presence of God whether as much has been given to the schemes of the Church this year as the need calls for and as the Lord has blessed? Then let us during April make up for any shortcomings. Will the treasurers of the congregations not make an effort to have their reports with the church treasurers as early as possible so that the work of all may be lightened and all reports may be in good shape for Synod.

Remember that money to be counted in this year's report must be with

Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Steele or Mr. Tibby before midnight April 30th. Don't keep them out of bed that night.

We rejoice with our workers in China at the presence and power of God's Spirit in their midst. May it be but the beginning of those millions flocking into the Kingdom.

We would call attention to the close of Miss Houston's letter where she hopes that there will soon be a woman to give all her time to home visitation. The Board has been asking for two young women for this work for some time.

Who will go to Lo Ting? We need a trained teacher at once for a boy's school. Then when Mr. Taggart comes home this Spring there ought to be at least another minister there. Think of that large field of over 1,000,000 people. Think of the wonderful opportunity and of how God is working there. Will it not be criminal to leave the burden upon Dr. Dickson and Miss Stewart, both new workers? We ought to have a dozen more workers there.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest; that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

We thank friends in Winchester, St. Louis, Newburgh, Ray and the Philadelphia congregations for letting us have January OLIVE TREES free to send to new subscribers. We still have requests for the January number and will be thankful to any others who care to send us their copy.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

*REVIVAL AT LO TING

Lo Ting, South China, Jan. 21, 1916.

Dear Friends:

These last two weeks have been busy and exciting ones. We had our evangelistic campaign and I don't believe any of us ever enjoyed anything more in our lives. A Chinese evangelist, Mr. Cheung, conducted a number of the meetings and he was just fine. Dr. Robb conducted some Bible classes and the Chinese liked them so well that they urged him to stay longer, and these were Chinese who were not Christian and who had seldom, if ever, been in the chapel before. The first meeting was held every morning at 8 o'clock and from that time until about 8.30 or 9 o'clock in the evening our time was nearly full of meetings and we just had time for two meals a day. Six of the foreigners and a number of the Chinese from Tak Hing were here. Each day they had conference meetings for the Christians, evangelistic meetings for the heathen, and meetings in the evenings for the boys of the government schools. We knew that these services were being prayed for by a number of people at home, but their prayers were answered beyond all our expectations. And prayers are needed just as much now to help the Christians here take care of those who gave in their names indicating that they would like to study the Bible. Over 130 people gave in their names, and these were among the prominent people of the city. More Bibles were sold during the week than in the whole year before, and the meetings were the talk of the city. The Chinese told

us that in every store they were the main topic of conversation.

Mr. Cheung would preach, and at the close of his talk would ask those interested to stand, and give in their names if they cared to study the Bible, and as soon as they stood up, the ushers, who were Christians, would give them cards on which they wrote their names. In the first meeting that was held in the evenings for school boys, the principal of the government Middle school was the first man to rise. What was surprising in this is that he has refused to let his boys come down here to Sabbath School, and is a strong Confucianist.

Dr. Robb had to hold several extra classes for these boys, and at one of these a boy who was very hot hearted about the Gospel told him that he really believed, and seemed so earnest and sincere that Dr. Robb had no doubts about him. He said that he was very anxious for a friend of his in the country to come in to the meetings and become a Christian, too, and that the night before he had prayed twice that his friend would come in, and the next morning in he came. He feels very sure now that the Heavenly Father answers prayer.

It seems queer to have these men ask one how to pray. But they do not know any more about praying or about the Bible when they first come, that is, the majority of them do not, than a child three years old at home would know.

Several weeks ago we had a young man join the church who has more zeal than a great many Christians

have. The Christians have been telling us that this Mr. Wong has been talking to everyone he sees about the Gospel and everyone seems willing to listen to him, and they all have thought it was very wonderful to see so much enthusiasm in anyone even before he had become a member at all. He has been urging the boys of the Middle school to become Christians, and one fellow who joined the church last week argued against this Mr. Wong ten days before he would admit that he was wrong. This Mr. Wong is only 24 years old and that is probably only 22 years old the way we reckon. I thought it was pretty good of him to stick to a job like that ten days, and I think some who have always had the Gospel would have been discouraged before that.

This same Mr. Wong sent over word one day asking that Miss Stewart would go over to his house and talk the doctrine to the women as he had talked to them without effect and he thought a woman might do better. Several of us went over with Miss Stewart and we found his old grandmother, who was a dear old lady, was worrying herself sick because he was 24 years old and not married. He won't conform to Chinese custom and let his folks buy a wife for him who may please them, but he says he is going to have no one but a Christian, and he is going to know what she is like first. His mother is fairly frigid. She came into the room and looked us over and went out without sitting down at all. I wish you would pray for his grandmother and mother and also for himself, for he has a big influence over the young people, and yet he is in a family and also a country whose

influence will be to raise doubts in his mind and turn him from what he is now doing if possible.

It was most interesting to watch the way Mr. Cheung handled his audiences during the meetings. He is between forty and fifty years old, and has the kindest face, and most winning, and he has the childlike heart that goes with real big people. I wish I could have understood all he said, but some of the good things that I missed I heard later from the other foreigners. One day when we were up street in the big silk market that was loaned to us for the meetings, he was inviting those to stand up who wished to study the Bible and who would be pleased to learn more of the Gospel. Quite a number stood up and he was much pleased, and he says, "Oh, but the Heavenly Father will be pleased today; He will be so happy that He will laugh till the tears run down His beard." Needless to say the foreigners were somewhat startled at that conception of joy in heaven, but we didn't need to be for the Chinese are getting their own ideas of God and Heaven, and because they are not all just like ours, doesn't mean theirs are not as true. They say that in the Chinese, laughter is very near to tears, and sometimes they will laugh at the most serious thing, but it is only because they do not want to cry before others, and it has no disrespect in it at all.

Another time he told them how pleased he was to think they were interested in such an important thing as the Gospel, and it made him very happy to be able to bring anyone nearer his God, and he knew that

when he went to Heaven the Heavenly Father would pat him on the head and say he had been a good son in bringing others in.

The students thought a great deal of him and he liked them, too. A lot of them went down to the boat to see him off when he went. One night in the chapel when he was holding a meeting for them, he told them that when he was a small boy he went to a meeting that was being held by a missionary, Mr. Graves. He got hold of Mr. Graves' hat and ran off with it. Some people ran after him and brought him back, and a number were talking about beating him for doing it. Just then Mr. Graves came along and told them not to hurt him, and says: "Maybe you'll be a preacher some day, too." And Mr. Cheung says "And you see that is just what happened, and now I'll tell you boys that some of you may be preachers some day, too." They had a great respect and admiration for Mr. Cheung and I wouldn't be surprised to see some of those that heard him that night becoming just what he said. It was worth a lot to our church and to this city, too, for the Chinese to see one of their own race, a finely educated man, fearlessly preaching the Gospel of Christ, that doctrine that they often think belongs only to "foreign devils."

Mr. Taggart has since received a letter from a man saying he had heard Mr. Cheung and had wanted to put down his name as an inquirer, but had been called out of the city, and when he came back Mr. Cheung had gone, but he wanted to be counted as interested in studying more of the doctrine. While no doubt some are

hot hearted for the time, and later will not care, there will be a good many, like this man who wrote to Mr. Taggart, who are truly interested. Ellsworth [Dr. Dickson] and Mr. Taggart have classes of inquirers now, and the Chinese also are helping a good deal. These boys wanted classes every night in the week, but so many cannot be held to their own advantage, or that of any one else, so they have them three nights a week besides the Wednesday evening prayer meeting and the Sabbath night meeting. The other two nights that are left, usually some of them show up, and a number frequently come to the regular evening Chinese worship that is held in the Chapel each night.

It has done the Christians no end of good. Those who never had a great deal to say, now talk the doctrine as the popular thing to do, and they put lots of emphasis into their talks, and urge people to accept before it is too late.

Last Sabbath was Communion and eight new members were received, four girls and four men, and we hope soon to have some more members.

These meetings were held here from Saturday night until Thursday afternoon. About 3 o'clock that afternoon the Tak Hing foreigners and Chinese, with Mr. Cheung and the friend who came with him, left for Tak Hing. They invited Mr. Cheung to hold meetings there on Sabbath and Saturday night, and in that time over 100 signed cards and the Chinese as well as the foreigners are already busy teaching them.

*This interesting and inspiring account of the revival at Lo Ting is

from a letter written by Mrs. Dickson to the Lo Ting Club of Cambridge. We are grateful to the club for sending it for publication.

RECENT EXPERIENCES IN PERSONAL WORK OF ONE OF OUR PASTORS

I was attending a Bible conference last summer and during one of the Sabbath morning services a young man came in and took his seat beside me. He sang the songs heartily, listened attentively to a sermon by Principal O'Hara; so that I concluded that he was a Christian. After the services we chatted for a few minutes and then I said: "You are a Christian?" To my surprise, his face took on a look of intense earnestness, his eyes looked frankly and fearlessly into mine as he replied: "No, I am not." "Wouldn't you like to be?" "Yes, I would." "Would you be afraid to get down on your knees right here and give yourself to God?" "No, I wouldn't."

So in the midst of 2000 people this young man prayed the prayer of the publican, asked God's forgiveness and gave himself to the Saviour. A few minutes later he left to motor back home to a distant village with his parents. As he was leaving he said: "My, how glad I am that I came today!" A soul just ready to be plucked for the Lord.

Revival meetings were going on in our village. One day a mother came to me with tears in her eyes and asked me to pray for her son. About a week or two later one of our members said:

"I am going to try and bring ——— to the meetings." Sure enough one evening they came together. As soon as the invitation was given I went to him and said: "Do you know that your mother is crying over you and praying for you?" The man was startled and seemingly a little nettled. He came a second night but no impression could be made upon him. The last night of the services he was there again and after five minutes' earnest talk he took a stand for Christ. While the services were being concluded the Spirit said: "Go out and see him tomorrow." So I went to him and said: "I am coming out to see you tomorrow." Taking dinner with our member who had been instrumental in bringing him to the meetings I learned that his wife and children were all unconverted. As I sat down and explained to ——— more fully the way of salvation, suddenly Mrs. ——— burst into tears. "Wouldn't you like to be a Christian and have a Christian home?" "Yes, I would." And there in the dining-room the wife with the three children, the eldest being fifteen, all gave their hearts to Jesus. The father, mother and eldest daughter rose with tears in their eyes but it was a new home, a whole new home for Christ.

Sabbath after church the member plucked my coat, "Say, ——— was down working in the road with a gang of men. And say, I could see a change in him." Isn't it worth while?

MONOGRAPHS

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A
CHILDHOOD SPENT IN THE
LEVANT

III.

Going to the Mountains.

There was more than one reason why we children yearly hailed the day when we started for our summer sojourn in the mountains. In town we lived on the third floor, and there was no place for us to play in downstairs. Turkish streets and highways are rarely very good for winter walks, so our outings were some two walks and one drive during the seven months we spent in town.. As there was no school to attend, we did our lessons at home, so the change and exercise that other children get in that way was denied us. Attending church simply meant going down to the first floor of the building in which we lived. So, here, too there was no break in the monotony. No wonder that the thought of the mountains affected us as the thought of the tunnel did Colonel Rose and his companions in Libby Prison. For up there we had acres of hill and rocky woodland in which to play and scramble, knocking each other about like so many young goats.

A reason personal to myself, and uncommunicated, was the certainty that at that distance and altitude from the sea no tidal wave could reach me. Not that such a thing had ever come into my experience, but the story of the great tidal wave at Lisbon had so affected me that it was one of the terrors of my childhood—a very real terror during the winter months when

we had the sea for our backyard, so to speak.

“As the Venetians draw up their ships on the shore,” so were we wont as the month of May drew near to pull our traveling boxes out of the dark corner into a sunny part of the attic for inspection and re-fitting. These boxes, in which we rode two and two, looked like little four-post bedsteads without any legs. When you children have to sit four hours at a stretch in a box four feet by two and a half, with their legs stretched out flat on the floor, the sensation of “pins and needles” becomes acute. Of course we sat one at each end, facing one another, but even so there was no room to spare. Our dream was to have nothing, wrap or lunch-package, on those fidgety legs. So each spring we devised racks and hooks, girls, as well as boys, taking Joel, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, for patron saint, and stretching forth our hands to the workman’s hammer. We made elaborate sketches of the proposed improvements and discussed them hotly. All this weeks before the day of starting.

When the grown people began their preparations, and boxes of clothing and tinned food stood about the house half-packed our fever went up another degree. The next stage was the arrival of the camels to take the loads. Camels are slow-moving beasts, and as bent on doing things at their own pace as any prima-donna, so we always gave them a start of a day or two. In those days they carried heavy bells that boom - boom - boom - boom-

boomed when they got into their stride, as well as the little tinkling ones. We used to stand on the balcony listening and watching for them to come down the street tied head to tail in a string with the driver in front on a mouse-like donkey leading them. It was jolly to see them kneel on their keel-like breast-bones, with their legs folded up like jointed foot-rules. They used to look around with such a haughty and outraged turning of their long necks as the loads were being put on, grumbling in their hoarse burble that they were going to write about it to the London Times, as nearly as I could make out. Then when nearly everything was tight, up they would get, hind-legs first, with a dislocating jar that set all the bells tinkling and booming.

But the night before our own start! Oh! That night before! As a great treat we were let sleep without undressing, and pretty much where we chose. And we chose the most extraordinary lairs; bags of clothes put down in camphor, steamer-chairs balanced on top of other chairs, the top of the upright piano. With the first dawn we were stirring, eager to see if the horses had come for us. When they did, the loading process took two hours, at least. It seemed ages until the boxes in which we were to ride were slung across the horse, and other ages until we were packed into them and had started. Perhaps some day I may write a poem in the rhythm of the pack-horse's walk, and the counter-rhythm of the squeak of the ropes that held our boxes on. It is all on a phonograph in my brain.

Our road soon took us into open country; but first one passed the Mar-

onite and Orthodox cemeteries, with their broken walls and defaced tombstones, where stinking asphodel, beloved of poets and black beetles, grew rank and tall. Then came olive orchards with silver-smoky masses of foliage and twisted trunks, and the road to the far-seen mountains. There was a village near town, through whose water-courses abundance of water flowed. High hedges of prickly pear castus grew along the water courses, and orchards of pomegranate, lemon, orange and fig made the villages a tuft of green on the red plain. The fig-tree has a fragrance of its own, as delicate and distinctive as the fragrance of young grape-clusters.

At noon one reached the half-way house, well up in the mountains and set among great plane trees by a stream. When we were lifted out of the boxes, our feet seemed to have quite independent ideas of their own, for our elaborately-devised racks were always swept away, even as the hope of the spider, by the hairy hand of our fat old cook the morning of the start; and not only our own impedimenta, but extra odds and ends of his were jammed around us and piled on top of us. But our legs, after a little stretching, answered to the helm again, and by the time we were tired of watching the black skippers whisking about in the clear water of the stream, lunch would be ready—bread and butter and cold chicken and hard-boiled eggs. It was good. Then came a *siesta* abominable, grown-up institution, loathed of our souls, and then, when the shadows began to lengthen, the second start.

One long, treeless, stony pull up-

hill, and then the best part of our journey. In the memory of that mountain road one tries to find a moment's respite from a world at war. There were great crags above one, and precipices dropping down into silent distances below. Scrub-oak and mock-orange and Judas-tree, alder and ivy-covered rocks lined the path. Now and then one came on a fountain with its prayer-platform for the use of the faithful, shaded by secular plane-trees. And there were gardens as lovely as the gardens of the Hesperides, deep in the gloom of walnut trees. From one turn of the road one got the first glimpse of the ruined castle that overtopped our summer-village.

By the time we reached our own house, solitary in its wide circle of fields and woods, evening dark and dew was over all the high valley. Again we were lifted out of our boxes, and stood among lush cold grasses. There was unloading and the turn of the key in the rusty lock; the musty air of the closed house; the half-fear that one might tread on a snake or scorpion; the scratch of a match and the quick flare, lighting up faces that no light of earth shall ever shine on again.

PRAY FOR YOUR MAGAZINE

The Editors Need Your Prayers,
So Do the Contributors,
And the Subscribers,
And the Convassers,
Few People Pray for the Magazines.

WILL YOU?

—*Missionary Review.*

A YOUNG MAN'S ANSWER

Which shall it be, Oh my soul? Answer me—

Friends, home and loved ones, my own dear country,

Position and honor, prosperity, pride,
Or the far-away heathen for whom the Christ died.

Soul, there are many in this land to save,

Why should I leave it, new perils to brave?

What is that? Many helpers at home?

Yes, 'tis true,
While the fields there are white, and the laborers few.

But to me, soul of mine, God has given in trust

Talents many and varied, so surely I must,

To repay His great love, win a bit of world fame,

And leave on the tablets of Time a great name.

What is this that you whisper, so softly and sweet?

Lay thy gifts in humility at the Lord's feet;

He gave, and He takes, and He says unto thee,

“As ye do to the least, so ye do unto Me.”

True, again, soul of mine, but 'tis breaking my heart,

To think that from loved ones I may have to part.

What is that? Oh, soul I had surely forgotten

That God sent His Son—His Only Begotten.

To live and to die for us all—Even me,
Bore my sins and my sorrows on Calvary's tree.

Up, up and away; to the fields that are white;

I've too little to give, but I'll give in His might.

L. M. ADAMS.

LAST YEAR 1914-15

THE COVENANTER CHURCH

Gave 18c. per Week per Member for All Schemes, Home and Foreign.

In the light of the many, who cannot give much,

*Did you give
your share?*

This year's Synod asks for 25c. per Week per Member for All Schemes.

In the light of what God has given you,

*How much does He
expect you to give?*

This Month Ends the Year.

KANSAS PRESBYTERY'S EVERY-MEMBER CANVASS

At last Fall's meeting of Presbytery, a committee was appointed, an unwilling committee, too, to conduct an every-member canvass campaign this year and report at the next meeting of the Presbytery. We had a new job, the pay was poor, the prospects were not very bright and we hesitated to "face the music." Fortunately, Presbytery placed enough money at our disposal, so that our expenses were to be paid even if we failed to get a hearing at the first place or two. Yes, and they gave us sufficient authority that we were to be insured a hearing. But let me say to the credit of Kansas Presbytery that authority is not usually necessary. And when the situation was sufficiently understood, we were not refused a hearing in a single congregation. We may be a "bad lot" but there is one sin which cannot be laid at the door of our congregations. They are willing to give Presbytery a hearing when it comes with a cause which in their judgment is right and good, and will be beneficial to our congregations. And, of course, our committee got a courteous hearing everywhere. What did you say? O, yes, some thought we were trying to get a chance to bleed them, but they soon learned that we were there to help and not to harm. In one instance, possibly, it was the opinion previous to our coming that we were going "to lay down the law to them." But when we left the meeting to the leading of the Spirit and went about it prayerfully we believe any such ideas vanished, and we got on capitally. Quarrel? Why, of course, we did not quarrel.

People do not quarrel with those they go a long way to help. And listen! It was one of the most pleasant and satisfactory tasks we have ever been engaged in.

How did we do it? Presbytery's committee of four was given the privilege to add to its number a sufficient force to carry out the work satisfactorily. We were eight, four ministers and four deacons, when we were organized. The chairman divided us into four teams, each consisting of a deacon and a pastor. Plans perfected by the chairman were put before the teams; each team was assigned its part of the Presbytery, and was given a limited amount of time in which to do its work. For most part the work was completed in schedule time. We were assisted by Brother W. M. Robb, who was so long Synod's Chairman of the Every-Member Canvass Work. Bro. Robb carried on the work in several congregations more satisfactorily than we could have done it.

How did we proceed in each congregation? We wrote ahead asking for a meeting with Session and Board of Deacons. In this we prayerfully put the whole plan of the Every-Member Canvass before them and on bended knee, usually, all who were willing, signed Tithe Cards, after they had each prayed to be guided to do God's will. And very few officers got off their knees without signing the cards. A few did, certainly, but we have no quarrel with them, and we have all respect for them and their opinions. In this meeting the Board of Deacons was asked to take action to make the canvass, and if they did this the session was then requested to take action assuring them of their hearty co-operation. This done we were ready for the

meeting with the congregation as a whole. In this the whole matter was put before them; they were told of the action of the session and deacons, and were usually asked if they desired a deeper spiritual life. The response was hearty. They were then asked to receive the canvassers with courtesy. Judging from some reports which were received from canvassers, they were received with kindness and Christian love.

Did all the congregations adopt the plan? No, but the most of them did. We found one which has practically had the plan for several years. We found another which had a system worked out which touched almost every member of the congregation, just as the Every-Member Canvass is designed to do. While we believe our plan would make their work a little easier and more complete, we had no quarrel. By and by they will fall in line, for they want the very best. We found only two congregations which have no plan worth speaking of, which refused to take up the plan and try to work it out.

There is one thing worth emphasizing. Any congregation which undertakes part of the system without the whole, *may* fail. Don't blame it on the system. The universe cannot be run without each star in its place. That is the reason the Lord put them there. And this system cannot be run by a Board which picks out part and tries to make the rest go. Give the *system* a trial, a fair trial, and it will succeed. There is not one unnecessary thing in it. Any congregation which conscientiously uses it will find contributions increased and its Board of Deacons taking full breaths, and its members will love the Deacons, too. Try it and find out for yourselves. Your deacons do not have to come around every few days to be snubbed and abused. And both you and they feel better.

What has been the result of the various canvasses? *An improvement is*

mentioned in every report received. In some congregations it has been quite marked. In three congregations almost the entire membership has signed the tithe pledge at the time of the canvass or previous to it. Think of it. We are going to have this the prevailing condition we trust in a very few years in every congregation. Why not get right with God in this as well as in other matters? We cannot expect to carry on his work successfully by substituting a man made plan for the Divinely made one. The Covenanter Church does not believe in substitutions in worship, why, then, one in the finances of the Kingdom? In a few instances there has not been the marked progress we desire, but we wonder if the work has been thorough and conscientious. Possibly these Boards did not thoroughly understand just how to do the work.

In most instances Boards requested Sessions to appoint helpers to accompany the deacons in the canvass. Reports show that this has proven to be beneficial in several ways. These helpers have a sympathy for the deacon in his work which they did not experience before. Usually the canvassers went two and two. A deacon and a helper often together. In some congregations the reports show a closer bond between the people. This in itself is worth while.

Where did we get the plan for working it out? We went to God in prayer. He directed the chairman to one of the most efficient E. M. C. (Every Member Canvass) workers in the State. Then we went back to God and He guided us. We always left the meetings to the Spirit's guiding. We had no doubt of His presence.

The increase in contributions remains to be seen. But we have faith. We trust the Presbyteries may have similar helpful and satisfactory experiences.

J. D. EDGAR.

Chairman of Committee.

HOME MISSION WORK OF THE WINCHESTER CONGREGATION

Again we are asked to tell you through the medium of OLIVE TREES a bit of our experience in the service of our Master. We would not relate this as though we had accomplished some great thing, for we know that we come far short of what we might do, but if our experience will help us, each one, to get a broader view of the possibilities there are in a life given over to the Master's use we shall be glad to tell of how He has been pleased to use our poor little efforts in His service.

We believe that the prayer circles that were organized in our congregation, together with our evangelistic meetings, and the untiring efforts of our pastor, to this end, have been the means of making us feel that we must work for the salvation of the unsaved around us. One cannot long pray every day for the salvation of a soul without feeling that he, himself, must work for the salvation of that soul.

Our children are being taught this in our Junior Society and are already seeing the responsibility that rests upon them, to reach out after their little outside friends and bring them in under the influence of the Gospel which they themselves enjoy.

Our Winchester Gospel team is composed of eight laymen, who have worked steadily on the team, several others, mostly young men, have worked with them at different times. This team was organized in August, 1914. During the remainder of that year, fifteen meetings were held, resulting in nine people professing conversion. During the year 1915 thirty-two meet-

ings were held in different places, resulting in thirty-nine people confessing Christ, and many who had before confessed their Lord being stirred up out of the careless state to which they had fallen.

A memorable meeting was one held at Buck Point school house, a distance of fourteen miles. The Spirit was present in power. As one of the team afterwards remarked, "We stood in awe at the wonderful workings of the Spirit of God." Seventeen came forward when the invitation was given and confessed Christ, also one who had wandered came back to the fold.

A meeting held one Sabbath afternoon at Pleasant View chapel resulted in a great reviving in that congregation. When the question was asked "How many would like to live closer to Christ from this time on?" the entire congregation, old and young, rose to their feet. Many faces were wet with tears.

We mention these instances just to testify that the Master's "Lo, I am with you," stands good if we are only willing to "Go and tell."

The team has held its meetings some time in the evenings but mostly on Sabbath afternoons, often being engaged for two or three Sabbaths ahead. This shows us that there is an open door for gospel work if we are only willing to enter in, and that people are willing to listen as never before.

Our Sabbath School at Grayson School house has been carried on for two summers. The first summer the school was organized by members of the congregation, the second summer

by the Gospel team. The superintendent and teachers have been of our own people. There has been an average daily attendance of twenty-eight. This has been a hard field, the people are indifferent and do not readily respond, although those who attended manifested great interest, a number of them being those who at the Gospel team meetings had confessed Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

The past summer a Sabbath School was organized by the Gospel team, at Wilhelm School house, with a member of the Gospel team as superintendent and teachers from our congregation. This school was encouraging from the start, the average daily attendance being forty-three. The school was to close the last of September but by a vote of the members, was carried on until the last of the year. In nearly all the homes, one or both parents were church members but had grown careless and ceased to attend, so that the children were growing up with little or no religious instruction.

Almost every Sabbath a preaching service or gospel team meeting was held at the close of the Sabbath School hour. These meetings were not always conducted by our own preacher or our own Gospel team. The people were greatly interested and many have been awakened to a new sense of their responsibility as parents and as professed Christians. One great encouragement to work was the class of little folks, twenty-two being enrolled. A few of these came only occasionally, as they received no encouragement at home. We also come in touch with other little ones who came in from time to time. The first few

days the children were unresponsive, but soon this reserve wore off and we found them both willing and eager to learn. They rarely missed a golden text. Two little girls learned each golden text and were perfect in attendance. They received a reward. The responsibility seemed great indeed when we thought of the possibilities of that little class. At the close of the school we purchased, with money left in the treasury, a New Testament for each of the larger children and to the tiny tots we gave a good book of Bible stories.

We almost forgot to mention that an elderly couple who came under the influence of the Gospel team and later of the Sabbath School are now happy members of our congregation and declare they are "Covenanters through and through."

Much more could be said but we feel that too much space has already been taken. Let us remember that Jesus Christ wants our unsaved neighbor and that our unsaved neighborhood needs Him.

VERA A. CURRY.

In the article on the "Winchester Tither's Association," in February OLIVE TREES, occurred two mistakes for which the author, Miss Craig, is not responsible. The date in the first paragraph should be 1912 instead of 1911. The next to the last paragraph, stating the increase the first year is inaccurate. While there was a large increase in contributions it did not reach 100 per cent.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

Edited by MRS. FINDLEY M. WILSON, 2517 North Franklin Street,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Through the goodness of our friends in China, we were able to give some most interesting news this month. Mrs. Julius Kempf has supplied quite a budget from Tak Hing and everybody will want to read Miss Rose Huston's account of her itinerating trip. Word reaches us in a roundabout way from Syria. The situation there is pitiable. For obvious reasons, names cannot be mentioned. Our informant says, "Sometimes a very little gets the workers into trouble."

* * * *

Latakia, Syria. A postal from Dr. Peoples, of Mersina, dated January 21, announces the death of our beloved Miss Mattie R. Wylie. No particulars are known and the exact date of her passing is not given. We await further details with deep interest.

* * * *

Armenians have been driven from Latakia: "This means that a number of our own members have been taken away. Miss Wylie's house servant, an old white-haired woman, who had been with her for years, was among them. Along with her must have gone a number of our beautiful young girls and a number of mothers and little children. Thoughts of what may have happened to them along the way harrows the heart."

* * * *

"A teacher in the Boys' School is among those deported. He was a graduate of our school in Cyprus and a leading helper and worker. He has twice paid the government the soldier tax but to no avail. It is thought he

is now in Aleppo, whether in service or as one of the mob to be cut down, we know not."

* * * *

In spite of these occurrences the mission work goes on much as usual in Latakia. We must not forget that this means additional burdens on those that remain. They are having a mild winter. The schools are full of boys and girls.

* * * *

The missionaries plead: "Remember us and our people specially in prayer. . . . "Let us all remember the workers in this special hour, and the Armenians. The Lord knows their whereabouts and their needs." . . . "May the Lord soon give peace to multitudes of broken hearts."

* * * *

Tak Hing, China. There is at present an epidemic of mumps.

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The hospital students were voted a New Year holiday from studies.

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Some of the foreign papers report that Yuan Shai Kai has indefinitely postponed ascension of the throne, but as far as the local Chinese are aware he is king now.

* * * *

On Wednesday, January 17th, the Chinese Christian women of Tak Hing gave a tea to invited guests who had shown willingness to learn more of the gospel. The refreshments were furnished, prepared, and served by the native women.

* * * *

Today, January 28th, Dr. Wright, Miss Adams, and a number of the Chi-

nese Christians, walked to Ma Hui where there is a market. The plan is to reach as many people as possible with the gospel message. A few days ago at a similar meeting, seven put up their hands to show that they were interested and ready to learn more.

* * * *

Every one is busy now preparing for Chinese New Year, which comes, according to our calendar, on February 3d. Schools are closing this week. The girls' school closes on Wednesday. The advanced class of girls each had a speech on some given subject. One was, "The floods of the last two years." Another began her talk by saying that whatever opportunities and blessings we have come from the True God. As she is the daughter of the city judge, who is a man of prominence, and as none of her household are believers, it took courage to make such a statement.

* * * *

The women's school closed yesterday. The blind teacher from Canton conducted the exercises. Songs were sung, the singing of which she accompanied on the organ. She has taught a number of the women to knit socks and shoulder wraps. These pieces of handiwork were arranged neatly on a small table and all visitors invited to examine them.

* * * *

The boys' school closes today. Invitations written on red paper have been sent to the men, although some of us less favored are going anyway, as we have been invited in person. Diplomas are to be given to several boys who have finished the Grammar School course.

* * * *

Many of the Chinese believe in

devils and are much afraid of them. "Bartimeus," the blind beggar, converted through Dr. Jean, heard one, one night some time ago, which placed him in a great state of fright. He had been told of several Scripture verses which, if quoted, would prevent any harm being done by them, but fright drove these out of his mind and the only one he could remember was Mark 1:1. This he repeated, which he says dispersed the evil spirit.

* * * *

The evangelistic spirit is taking hold of some of our people. At a meeting held at Ma Hui, January 24th, Mr. Chue Hon Shang called for a show of hands of all those who wished to know more of the Doctrine, and seven responded.

* * * *

For several years, Taai So, a Bible woman, has done much of the work for the lepers at Do Sing, dealing out both temporal and spiritual help as their needs require. But she doesn't believe in wasting any temporal gifts when she thinks there is something better in sight.

A few weeks ago one of the lepers needed a new boat as the old one was past repair, and unsafe to live in; so Taai So was given some money from the fund for lepers to add to a small sum promised by the man's father. When she went back the next week to make the purchase, she found the man very ill. After praying about it, she said to him, "It's no use spending all this money to buy a boat for you, for I think the Heavenly Father is going to take you to heaven soon, so we'll just wait till next week and see." On returning from her next trip, her

first words were, "How fortunate we didn't buy a boat for that man, for he truly has gone to heaven and we still have the money to use for some one else, thank the Heavenly Father."

* * * *

It may be interesting to the Church at home to know how the use of the envelope system has helped our Chinese Christians in their giving. Before the envelopes were used an average collection was sixteen pennies and seventy-seven cash (a cash is one-tenth of a cent). On a recent Sabbath when many of the Christians were away at Lo Ting attending the Native Conference, the Chinese gave one dollar and twenty-six cents and six cash.

We are indebted to Miss Rose Huston for the interesting letter that follows. It is no small task for a busy missionary to write at such length, but we feel sure if Miss Huston could know the pleasure with which her letter will be read by many, she would feel repaid, at least in part, for her trouble.

Some of the most pleasant experiences of my life in China have been during the last few weeks when I went with Dr. Wright, part of his hospital staff and a Bible woman, on country trips for flood relief, and Red Cross work.

Part of our territory has never been visited, to our knowledge, by a foreigner, and, perhaps, not even by native Christians, so we planned a trip covering the larger towns and villages, taking ten days or two weeks for it. Dr. Wright and I dressed in native clothes, which made us much less of a terror or curiosity, and we

were also much more comfortable. After going twenty or twenty-five miles to the northwest, we were advised not to go any farther inland as it is nearing Chinese New Year's and robbers had begun their annual depredations, so we took a shorter route and got home in less than a week.

Within an hour or so after starting, we were among people who seemed to consider us foreigners as curiosities, and by the middle of the afternoon we were a real "frightfulness;" though I doubt if they had ever heard of the Germans. After walking some four hours, we began to feel the need of something wet, so asked at a little wayside restaurant for "chook" (rice gruel), but as soon as the man saw the "foreign devils" his soup suddenly ran out, and he seemed so anxious for the next restaurant to get our trade, that we decided to go on to a village a mile or so away, and try again. They got our scent before we reached the suburbs, and the whole population suddenly disappeared, though a few courageous ones ventured a glance through a half closed door, or around a corner. We were tired and decided to stay in the village all night, but they were afraid to give us a place to sleep, and said the people were so poor that there was no rice or food to be had in town, and when we said we had food with us, they said they had no cooking utensils. They wouldn't even sell us anything as they were afraid our money had some magic power that would make them follow us and they would never be heard of any more. Taai So was just famished, so she started out to get some-

thing to drink, by hook or by crook. She started into a house without ceremony and asked the old grandmother for some tea or rice water, but the old lady pushed her back and braced herself across the door. She then ran around a corner, where they didn't yet know what a terrible lot we were, and rushed right into the kitchen, where she found some hot chook still on the stove. The women started to run, but she told them not to fear as we were honest and righteous, and would pay them for what we ate, meanwhile helping herself and the rest of us.

By this time some of the men had gotten their courage worked up enough to ask for some medicine, but Paak Man, our "Billy Sunday," said, "Give you medicine after the way you treated us? Indeed we will do no such thing. It wouldn't do such people as you any good if we did give it to you." So we shook the dust of their streets off our feet, and went on our way, hoping to find better treatment, and also certain that if we ever go that way again, we will receive a welcome.

As we neared the next village, we met a woman, who told us to go right to her son's home, where he would be "no one knows how glad" to see us, so we soon found the place, and he was so glad to see us that he shook hands all around, even with the women. He proved to be a former hospital patient, and his treatment of us showed what kind of an influence is exerted by the hospital. We were hardly seated till we were surrounded by dozens of men, women and children, and all went to work talking the Doctrine and teaching the com-

mandments, the prize pupil being a little blind lad, who learned the whole ten before supper. After a good Chinese supper, we each had a turn at the foot tub and then we went to the city hall, an open pavillion twelve or fifteen feet square, where more than three hundred people gathered to hear the doctrine preached as only Chue Hon Shang and Taai Sô can preach.

Next morning we had a sunrise breakfast, and started at once for a large market town twelve or fourteen miles farther on, though the heat, hunger and broken blisters made it seem much farther. We made our way through the crowded streets to the central market place, where we immediately became the centre of attraction, while Paak Man went to pay our respects to the village elder, and get permission to camp out in the large temple, which is also the city school building. We women decided to go outside and find a cooler place where we could sit down and rest. As soon as I was discovered, there was a grand scatterment, especially of the women, as they said I would give the "evil eye" to any woman I set eyes on. But their curiosity soon overcame their fears, and we were again the centre of an enormous crowd, all stretching their necks for a peep at the "foreign devil woman." It was very entertaining, if not always flattering, to hear the remarks that were made about me, my white skin, yellow hair, gold teeth, my looks, and my possible age as well as the price of my clothing, the possible contents of our baggage, and our purpose in coming. They were rather taken aback when they found

that I could talk Chinese and understood all they had been saying about me.

Before long a delighted voice was heard above the roar of the market and it proved to be another hospital patient of three years ago, who hunted us up as soon as he heard that there were foreigners in town. He saw that we were comfortably settled in the temple, where we were considered guests of the city. The doctors then began dispensing medicine, and before dark had treated over three hundred patients, for almost every disease known to man. The medical students are able to treat all the common cases, but Dr. Wright was on hand for the difficult cases. Taai So kept a record of the patients, while I did the Billy Sunday act to the best of my ability. We were all quite willing to stop when the call came for supper, after walking a good part of the day, then standing for three hours or more in the thickest of a mob of the lame, the halt, the blind, the rheumatic, and those afflicted with malaria, boils, sores, hookworms, toothache, itch and others too numerous to mention.

After supper the men preached to a large crowd in the market place. Next morning the patients began to come before we were dressed, and before we left the number was increased to over seven hundred. Most pitiful were the eye cases; many of whom were children hopelessly blind, and others too far gone for help, on account of neglect or ignorance on the part of the parents.

During the remainder of the trip, though we ran across no more acquaintances, and had to make our

own way among strangers in the other towns visited, but, on the whole, we were very well treated.

In all we traveled no farther than a two hours' trip at the American gait, but we gave medical aid to more than twelve hundred, distributed hundreds of slips containing Bible truths, verses, and commandments, and told the Good News to many hundreds who had never heard it, besides creating a friendly feeling that will open the way for further work.

It brings a new realization of the vast multitudes yet in darkness, and also of the fact that the salvation of China depends on the Chinese.

But when you see the spirit of Christian love, sacrifice, and service, in which this "Gospel Team" carry out the three-fold command of the Master, to preach, heal and teach, you are convinced that they can and will save China, and our work is to train them for the work. Our doctors are training a band of consecrated and efficient workers, and have instilled in them the same high ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood and service that has made their own lives such a power, and that gains the love and respect of all who come in contact with their lives.

It was a great privilege to be with them and work with them, and they are real brothers and sisters to us. Paak Man is developing wonderful executive and business qualities, and has already made himself almost indispensable not only to the hospital but to the church, and other departments of the work, even the foreigners coming with willing hearts under his powerful sway, as he is no respecter of persons when it comes to

getting the Lord's work done properly. Both natives and foreigners go to him for help and advice, and he never shirks a duty no matter how hard and unpleasant it may be. He can hold a great crowd with an excellent gospel speech, and he can do the work of a doctor with a good degree of wisdom and skill, but he can also do the most menial labor without impairing his dignity or his self-respect in the least.

Another thing that was brought to our attention many times as we talked with people in the different localities was the unimportance of Tak Hing as compared with other parts of the district, commercially, industrially, and educationally. It seems to be regarded as practically dead in these respects, and pretty far gone morally, even according to Chinese standards. One man said that the majority of men in Tak Hing have so little ambition and self-respect that they are willing to do nothing and live off their wives' scanty daily earnings, and also that they were "less honest" or perhaps it was "more dishonest" than other people. A great many of them certainly seem to us to be Gospel hardened, and it is most refreshing, and inspiring to get out among new people who are waiting to hear but "how shall they hear without a preacher?" Of course the women and children specially appeal to me, and *I hope the time will soon come when we may have a foreign woman to give her whole time to itinerating work for women. It will be hard, trying work, but full of blessing and good fruit.*

Tak Hing, December 22, 1915.

Nicosia, Cyprus.—We are glad to have a letter from Dr. Calvin McCarroll, our missionary at Nicosia, Cyprus. Dr. McCarroll writes under date of February 1st:

The winter was very slow in its approach, not arriving until Christmas, but since then has been unusually cold and rainy so that the prospects for good crops of wheat and barley are quite satisfactory. The barley crop is very important, as there is no hay and very little corn raised in Cyprus, so that barley straw crushed and ground is the only fodder available for animals. Enemy submarines have been upsetting our mail service, so our mails are rather irregular and some find their way to the bottom of the sea, as in the case of the "Persia" and the "Ville de la Cirtat," in which we lost both letters and parcels containing medicines. And now there are so few vessels carrying freight coming to these waters it is almost impossible to get goods out from England. We sent an order for goods to London six months ago, which were ready for shipment weeks ago, but has not yet left London. In addition to the freight difficulties the prices of nearly all drugs is daily advancing, many articles having gone up from five to ten times the prices they were even a year ago; and quinine, which is so necessary here, and of which we use large quantities, has advanced from 25c. per ounce to \$1.25 per ounce. We, on the other hand, have not changed our slight charges but collect rather less than in ordinary times. As a result our balance sheet this year will not show much surplus.

Our little circle has been greatly saddened the past few days by the death

on January 26 of Doros, the eldest son of our evangelist, Mr. Dimitriades. He was nearly eight years of age and was a playmate of our children, and he is greatly missed by us all. His father had dedicated him to the Lord, to be a preacher of the Word. But God had other plans for him and he has gone to Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

My brother came up from Larnaca and conducted the funeral services and we laid him to rest in the English Cemetery here in Nicosia, to await the Resurrection morn.

The reason for burying in the English Cemetery was that, although we have a burying ground in Larnaca, unfortunately, we have not yet secured one in Nicosia.

The number of people attending the clinics the past month was rather less than usual, probably owing to the cold, wet weather (villagers come in on donkeys) and also that money is not any too plentiful these days.

The Word is read and preached regularly at the clinics before beginning work, as well as the services which are held every Sabbath in the chapel. We still hope that the seed sown will bring forth fruit.

TRY THE WORD

Are your labors tense and heavy?

Try the Word!

Would you on the Saviour levy?

Try the Word!

If your burdens you would flee,

And a restful Christian be,

Try the Word!

Is your heart filled up with sorrow?

Try the Word!

Would you happy be tomorrow?

Try the Word!

When you feel the pangs of sadness
And would find the source of gladness,

Try the Word!

Is the Adversary growling?

Try the Word!

Day and night about you prowling?

Try the Word!

If you're met with great temptation,
And yielding is in contemplation,

Try the Word!

Would you triumph in the Valley?

Try the Word!

All the Hosts of Heaven rally?

Try the Word!

Will you yonder say "Good Morning"
After night has closed its warning?

Try the Word!

DELBER H. ELLIOTT.

Jan. 20, 1916.

OLATHE, KAN.

Our L. M. S. has held twelve regular meetings and one called meeting during the year. Five of these were all-day meetings for work. The average attendance at our meetings during the year was ten. We have added four new names to our roll, and we now have a membership of forty-four.

During the year we have had the pleasure of having some of our missionaries with us. They have been a great help to us, and an inspiration to greater work in Christ's service. We have made comforts and quilts during the year. Some of these we sent to the Indian Mission.

We sent a box to the Southern Mission to help them with their holiday gifts. Our study for the year was Dr. Balph's book. May we be enabled to press on in the Master's service.

ANNA E. WILSON,

Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts.

Cash, January 1	\$57.64
Dues	46.05
Donations	65.16
Proceeds of sale	12.07
Work and Sale of Quilts.....	7.25
Sale of Carpet and Mops	5.60
Box to Indian Mission	12.50
Box to Southern Mission....	13.45
	<hr/>
	\$219.72

Expenditures.

To OLIVE TREES	\$1.00
“ Material for work	8.66
“ Freight on cards	5.45
“ Box Indian Mission	12.50
“ Southern Mission Box ...	13.45
“ China	4.00
“ Church repairs	122.10
	<hr/>
	\$203.16

Balance in treasury, Jan. 1.
1916

MRS. M. J. MCGEE,
Treasurer.

HOME MISSION FIELDS

Selma, Ala.

The workers at our Southern Mission report that they enjoyed the presence and work of Mr. Foster very much. All are well and busy. The work is going on in a satisfactory manner.

Apache, Okla.

The report from our Indian Mission is that the work is going on as

usual. On March 1st they had “weather almost like summer and flowers were beginning to appear.” The Spring Communion is March 3d, Sabbath. Our prayers are, that a rich blessing will accompany and follow the presentation of the Word at this time.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The work here this winter has been mainly among the children. We have fairly good attendance at Sabbath School (fifty-four were present last Sabbath). There is a class held for boys and girls at seven o'clock Sabbath evenings and an illustrated sermon is given at eight o'clock. Last Sabbath night we had about twenty-five present. We have no Jewish helper this winter and so our adult audience is not large. Twelve to fourteen mothers attend the mother's meeting Tuesday afternoon. They listen attentively to the message, but how much they understand it is hard to say. Perhaps like some others they understand more than they put to practice. The Thursday and Saturday classes are well attended. The kindergarten teachers are a great help at all these meetings, as the mothers and older girls in order to come have to bring the younger children along.

The children still encounter much opposition. Only a few weeks ago some were beaten by older boys and girls. The Rabbi and the Priest have alike made a number to swear on the Bible that they will never come into our building again.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by Mrs. J. S. Martin and Mrs. T. H. Acheson

SIDELIGHTS ON "FIFTY YEARS OF MISSION WORK IN SYRIA"

It was not so much for the sake of education as for food and clothing that parents sent their children to school in the early days of mission work. Each child at the close of the term was given a suit of clothes when starting home for the summer. I remember a father who had two boys in school; when he came to take them home he looked them up and down and said: "Is that all you are going to give them, and they have been all year in your school?" Food, clothing, teaching, and medical attendance, all counted for nought, or rather we were under obligation to him for the loan of his sons.

The elder of the boys was afflicted with scaldhead; we had quite a number with that disease. It is common and hard to cure, though a little care on the part of the mother in infancy and childhood might prevent. One of the native methods of treating it is very severe. The head is gashed with a razor, and pomegranate juice rubbed into it while raw. Then a coating of tar is spread over it, and after a certain time forcibly removed, bringing the roots of the hair with it. I have heard of cases where delicate children have died under the treatment.

Our method was much easier, though rather disagreeable to the administrator. The medicine used was Iodine and Tar Ointment. I have forgotten the formula, but Miss Crawford and I compounded it ourselves. In those days we did not have Tincture of Io-

dine; we had to dissolve the crystals in a mortar with a pestle. The prescription said so much iodine and so many minims of water. On our first attempt we did not know how much a minim was, but thought we would be safe in counting it a teaspoonful. It was tedious work getting the crystals dissolved, which was accounted for when we found that a minim was a drop. The ointment compounded, it was applied to the head with a flat wooden paddle, and a clean cloth tied over the head. (I hope I will be pardoned if I tell you that on one occasion a careless boy let his head covering fall in the cistern.)

The unfortunate teacher who had half a dozen of newly-anointed heads in her class room was well nigh stifled. This anointing had to be done twice a week. The cure took longer or shorter time according to the progress the disease had made when the cure was begun. Some of that class subsequently spent useful lives in mission work.

Many of the children were diseased in one way or another, and were sent so that they might receive medical attention. One little girl was an inveterate clay eater, and her face had the hue of the clay. Her eyes were lacklustre, and she was often found lying about on stairs or in corners sleeping, and it was not till she had been some months in school that she began to brighten up and learn. Her name was Hamamy-Dove. The younger of the two boys of whom I spoke above, died in the school of Hydrocephalis in 1872.

Ophthalmia was a common affliction. This disease may be contracted by the milk of the skin of the fresh fig coming in contact with the eyes. Children peel the figs with their fingers, and of course are not always careful to wash their hands; then they rub their eyes with unwashed hands, and in a little while inflammation sets in and then suppuration, and the child wakes up with eyes glued together. In fig season, though the disease is not confined to that time of year, we used to have as many as ten or eleven at once, to lay down three times a day on the floor in a row, when we administered a solution of sulphate of zinc, dropping it into the eyes. One girl of thirteen always kept up a vigorous pounding on the floor with her heels while enduring the smart. Many lose their eyesight from ophthalmia, though if properly treated in the beginning it is easily cured. It is very contagious. We have had cases where the patient had to be kept in a dark room for weeks, and leeches or blisters applied behind the ears. One such case was the older of the boys spoken of above. He lives now in Detroit, and I hear has a fine family. A son of his was married last year to a daughter of Mr. Christley, of New Castle, formerly of Antioch, Syria. Another was Mr. Easson, whose case was particularly stubborn because of his powerful frame and sanguine temperament. He was confined to his room for a long while, and almost starved in addition to the blistering treatment. The mission lot used to have quite a number of fig trees but they were all cut down because it was impossible to keep the children from climbing the trees, and contracting the disease.

I shall leave for another time a paper on the disadvantages of a low wall around mission premises.

MARY E. METHENY.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION

MRS. ELLA M. GEORGE.

*Address Delivered at the National
W. C. T. U. Convention.*

There is no doubt in the minds of Christians as to the evangelization of the world, because we have the sure word of prophecy that "All ends of the earth shall turn to the Lord; all nations shall do Him homage." The question before us is what agencies shall be employed in bringing about this glorious day for which we labor, wait and pray. For an answer we go back to the day when our Saviour called His followers to that noted mountain of Galilee to give them his parting command and benediction. Before leaving His disciples to join the heavenly throng. He gave to them the plan by which the world might hear the glad news of salvation and be brought into saving relationship with Jesus Christ. Through the Great Commission, He commanded those who had gathered around Him at this solemn hour to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." To whom was this command given? Was it to Peter and James and John with the rest of the eleven only, or to all that company that gathered with Him on that memorable day? We rejoice that woman was represented in that select company, and to her, as well as to the others, was given the command.

As Frances E. Willard gazed into the future, her keen eye caught the clear vision of a world redeemed from sin and sorrow, when "Jesus Christ

should be recognized as King of kings and Lord of Lords; when every knee should bow to Him and every tongue should confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

At the Convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held at Nashville, Tennessee, in the year 1887, when this organization was in its "teens," Miss Willard declared in her annual address that the organization over which she presided had one vital organic thought, one absorbing purpose, one undying enthusiasm. "It is that Christ should be this world's King—King of its courts, its camps, its commerce; King of its colleges and cloisters; King of its customs and constitutions. Christ and His law, the true basis of government and the supreme authority in national as well as individual life."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has not left its moorings for we still cling to these eternal principles and believe that woman has an important part in bringing the world to their acceptance.

We have heard a great deal of late about woman's inability to bear arms, but God has given her the distinguished honor of bearing the army that will follow the Lord as He goes forth conquering and to conquer, and on her shoulders rests the responsibility largely, of training the soldiers of the cross for service. She is doing this in her efforts to build up the church at home. You have never seen the work of a congregation carried on successfully without the help of woman. She is greatly in evidence in the Sabbath school and in the Missionary society. Through her plans, her contri-

butions, and in answer to her prayers, doors have been opened and the glorious light of salvation has shined upon those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. Yet it is in the home that her influence is most telling. Here God has given into her hands the training of her own children. She looks after the physical needs of the household—food, clothing and the hygienic conditions. She also keeps in touch with their mental development, but she is most deeply interested in the development of the character of those committed to her care. She is fitting future citizens who will take their place in society to stand for righteousness and truth against all odds. When the Hobson bill was before the House I wrote to a young man—a member of Congress—commending him for his stand in manfully defending the measure. In reply he said, "I owe it all to my mother. She taught me these principles." This mother had been trained in the Covenanter Church. It is Mother who trains the Christian citizen, and it is Mother who inspires the young men and women who bid farewell to home and native land, old associates and all that is dear to them, to put foot on the gallant ship and cross one ocean and perhaps another to carry the glad news of salvation to those who are walking in darkness. She is constantly moulding the character of her little ones, sloughing off an excrescence here and building up a depression there with her eye fixed on the perfect model, Jesus Christ. Her desire is to fashion her little ones into His likeness.

She joins the psalmist in the request "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a pal-

ace." This is an impressive picture. Plants and cornerstones are both symbols of usefulness and beauty. Her desire is not so much for beauty of face and form as beauty of character.

When Jesus was on earth He made it plain that His work was not only to seek and to save the lost but to destroy the works of the devil. Women must follow in His footsteps. Before Christ's kingdom can be established, Satan's kingdom with all its props and pillars must be destroyed. Removing the evils that stand in the way of the advancement of Christ's kingdom is a potent factor in the great work of world-evangelization. What are some of these evils? One mighty barrier to be removed is Sabbath desecration. Through greed of gain, strong corporations compel men and women to surrender their God-given day of rest and worship to worldly employments. The Sunday press, the Sunday train, the Sunday mail, and we might add, the Sunday automobile, are building great obstructions in the way of Christ's kingdom.

Another formidable enemy to be destroyed is impurity, whether it presents itself in the unholy divorce system that is spreading so rapidly throughout our land, whereby God's law of marriage is set aside and man's law set up, or polygamy, that poisonous cancer that has its headquarters in the western part of our country, but is extending its roots to every part of the land, or the vile debauchery that is in many places carried on under the sanction of law in the *Red Light Districts*.

And last, but not least, we speak of the liquor traffic—the giant evil that is destroying souls, wrecking homes, and producing misery and crime everywhere it exists. The liquor business hinders the work in mission fields at home and abroad. The United States sends out 13,000 barrels of whiskey or rum with every missionary. Bishop Newman has written that shipboards of rum are the despair of the mission-

ary. Rev. Walter Day, of Africa, a missionary for twenty-five years, offered to come home and fight rum to the death; then to go back to black Africa to carry on his missionary work. John G. Paton came home to plead with the government at Washington to stop the rum traffic. He said, "While the Church is spending precious lives and money for the evangelization of the heathen it is sad to see the enemies of the Cross following in the wake of the missionary destroying his influence—so-called Christian nations making ten drunkards to one convert." It is a sad fact that the United States spends for liquor in twenty-seven days and for tobacco in fifty-four days as much as has been spent for the spread of the gospel in eighty years. The cost of liquor in one month and twenty-seven days is three times the sum spent in the nineteenth century for mission work.

Woman has girded on the armor and gone forth in the battle against these dangerous evils. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has specialists employed who through their departments are dealing sledge-hammer blows at these evils. Every stroke counts in the evangelization of the world. We know that our efforts will be crowned with success because we are going forth under the banner of our King, who never lost a battle.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet
that

Shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
Be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on."

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Subject for April meeting: "How can we make the best use of the Bible?"—Ps. 119: 33.

Years and years and years ago there were no Bibles; in fact, no books at

all. The different people had their own customs and their own beliefs about a god. But the Israelites instead of worshipping idols believed in the one true God. Parents taught their children about this one great God, and they, in turn, their children; and so for many years the people were taught in this manner. Finally they learned to write down what God told them. The Bible is just a great storehouse of stories and rules and sermons and messages from God, to help us in our every-day lives. Since it is the way God tells us what we are to do we must read it very carefully so that we may know what he has to say to us. This would be a good time to give the children a list of passages to be learned this year. Give them something definite to learn that they can always keep in their minds and have one of these passages repeated by all the Juniors in concert at each meeting during the year.

Be ready also to suggest to the children a definite plan for their own Bible reading for the rest of the year. Tell them that the Bible is the most wonderful story book ever written, and that all the stories are interesting to read and are meant to help us. Speak of the Bible as our Father's letter to us and ask the children what they would think of anyone who would let a letter from his earthly father go unread, or only read a small part of it, and yet there are many people, even among Christians, who do not read God's letter to them very often. Be careful to urge that they shall not try to read a great amount and have no thought of what they are reading. If they will read one story, or one talk that Jesus gave, or the account of one

thing he did to help some one, and *think* of what they are reading that will be better than to try to read too much in a hurried way. Tell about Timothy, who had been taught from a little child the work of God and how it prepared him to be a great helper for the apostle Paul. Tell the Juniors how the Bible makes our conscience able to guide us rightly. Show them a candle unlighted. It is not much use. Light it. Now you can use it. The candle is like our spirit. When you are tempted you hear a voice saying, Don't do it. But how do you know that the voice is telling you rightly? Some people do not know; they do wrong and don't know it is evil. Why? Their spirit, their inner candle is not lighted. But ours is lighted and it is the Bible that has lighted it. It tells us what is right and what is wrong. So when we study the Bible we light our spirits, which are God's candles, but the candles cannot be lighted if we do not come to the light.

Help your Juniors to realize how much we need the Bible and what a great difference its teachings have made in the world. Show them that for us it is a lost book if we seldom or never read it or if we fail to follow its teachings. Close with this prayer, which the Juniors may repeat slowly and reverently after the Superintendent. Ask them to make it their own prayer as they repeat it:

O Lord, open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law; make me to understand the way of Thy precepts; make me to go in the path of Thy commandments; Thy word be a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. Amen.

MRS. D. C. WARD.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

We are almost daily receiving words of encouragement from readers of OLIVE TREES. Better even than words we are receiving new subscribers. We have added over *Fifty* names to our mailing list since the February number was mailed. We still have some copies of the March number, and we will be glad to send them (to new subscribers) with the remaining nine months of the year for 75c.

One of the most encouraging things is, that a number who had discontinued their subscriptions are already renewing. We know that there is so much to read these days that we have to draw the line somewhere, but if we cannot give to every Covenanter home many times the worth of the subscription in information and inspiration that you cannot get otherwise and which you cannot afford to be without, then we are ready to stop.

Our Justification in asking for Your Subscription is the Worth of the Magazine to You.

We know that no one wants to receive the magazine unless they have paid for it or are going to pay. Last year we found we were sending the paper to some who were dead. We have kept on the mailing list the names of all who paid for last year, unless asked to discontinue. We are daily receiving remittances from subscribers, and we thank you all very much.

There are still about two hundred names on our list from whom we have not heard this year. We do not want to rush anyone for the money. We

are willing to trust you, but we do want to know if you want OLIVE TREES.

We propose to send a letter to all from whom we have not heard by April 15th. Then if we do not hear from you within a reasonable time after that, we will take it for granted that you are dead.

Will you not save us the time and expense of this letter by paying your subscription before April 15th, or by sending us a card that you are going to pay?

We hear sometimes that some of our subscribers are not receiving the magazine. A copy of each month with the name of each subscriber clearly stamped on it has been delivered at the local Post Office. If any one knows that a subscriber is not getting OLIVE TREES promptly, we will consider it a favor to be notified. It is impossible for us to have the mailing list more perfect, but we know that mistakes can be made in preparing for the mail and by the carriers.

We cannot make changes of address unless notified. We need two weeks advance to make the change for any one month.

The regular size of OLIVE TREES has been twenty-four pages and the covers. This was the contract we had with the printer. We have each month so far paid the printer for four extra pages which we have given to our readers. If the new subscriptions will justify it we will be glad to give you twenty-eight pages and covers all year.

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